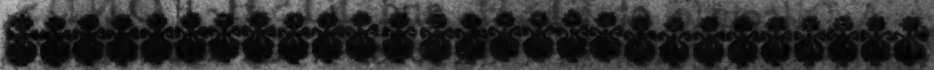


of Convocation upon the Testament of the
the Parliament. 1564.



and how to secure the Bank; c. Of the
way of making and using Bond-Notes; with their Di-
vision of the Principal Writings. 2. The man-

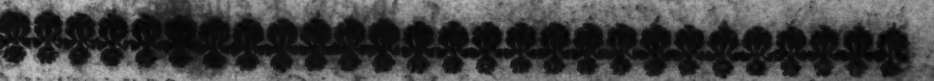
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OF THE

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A
POEM in *Spenser's* Style.

Written by the Right Reverend
Dr. *WILLIAM BEDELL*,
Lord Bishop of *Kilmore* in *Ireland*.

Published from an Original Manuscript, found
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Master of *Emmanuel* College in *Cambridge*.

To which is prefixed an Extract of the Author's Life,
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Some ACCOUNT
OF

Bishop *BEDELL*,

AND THIS

P O E M.

 **ILLIAM BEDELL**, was born at *Black-Norley* in *Essex*, in the Year 1570. He was the Younger Son of an Ancient and Good Family, and of no inconsiderable Estate, which has now descended to his Son (his Elder Brother dying without Issue): After he had past through the common Education at Schools, he was sent to *Emmanuel-College* in *Cambridge*, and put under the Care of the Famous *Dr. Chadderton*, Head of that House: And here all those Extraordinary
B Things

Things, that rendered him afterwards so conspicuous, began to shew themselves in such a manner, that he came to have a very Eminent Character both for Learning and Piety.

HE was put in Holy Orders by the Bishop *Suffragan of Colchester*. He was chosen Fellow of the College in 1593. and took his Degree of Batchelor of Divinity in the Year 1599.

FROM the University he was removed to *St. Edmonds-Bury* in *Suffolk*, where he served long in the Gospel, and with great Success: He had an Occasion given him, not long after his Settlement in this Charge, to shew his Courage, and how little he either courted Preferment, or was afraid of falling under the Displeasure of great Men: For when the Bishop of *Norwich* proposed some Things to a Meeting of his Clergy, with which they were generally dissatisfied, though they had not Resolution enough to oppose them; he took that hard Province upon himself, and did it with so much Strength of Reason, as well as Discretion, that many of those Things were left fall: Upon which when his Brethren came and magnified him for it, he checked them, and said *He desired not the Praises of Men*. His Reputation became so great and so well established, that when King *JAMES I.* sent Sir *Henry Wotton* Ambassador to *Venice*, at the time of the Inter-

dict

dict ; he was recommended as the fittest Man to go Chaplain in so critical a Conjunction.

AFTER Eight Years stay in *Venice*, he returned to *England* ; and brought over with him the Archbishop of *Spalata*, and one *Despotine* a Physician ; the latter lived near him in *St. Edmonds-Bury*, and was by his means introduced into much Practice, and became Eminent in his Profession. Thus Mr. BEDELL had finished one of the Scenes of his Life with great Honour.

HE lived retiredly again without pretending to Preferment, or aspiring to it ; and went on with his Ministerial Labours ; with which he mixt the translating P. Paulo's Immortal Writings into *Latin*, viz. *The History of the Council of Trent* ; *The History of the Interdict* ; and, *Of the Inquisition* ; and dedicated them to the King. But no Notice was taken of him, and he lived still private and unknown in that obscure Corner. He had a Soul of too generous a Composition to stoop to those servile Compliances, that are often expected by those who have the Distribution of Preferments in their Power. He was content to deserve Preferment, and did not envy others, who upon less Merit but more Industry arrived at it.

BUT tho' he was forgot at Court, yet an Eminent Gentleman in *Suffolk*, Sir Thomas Jermyyn, who

who was a Privy Counsellour, and Vice-Chamberlain to King *CHARLES I.* took such a liking to him, that a considerable Living which was in his Gift falling void, he presented him to it in the Year 1615.

HE removed to his new Living of *Horing-sbeath*, where he stayed Twelve Years; during which time he was a great Honour to the Church, as well as a Pattern to all Churchmen. While he was thus neglected at Home, his Fame was spread into *Ireland*; and tho' he was not known either to Bishop *Usher*, or to any of the Fellows of *Trinity-College* in *Dublin*, yet he was chosen by their unanimous Consent, to be the Head of their College, in the Year 1627. He had hitherto lived as if he had been made for nothing but Speculation and Study; and now when he entred upon a more publick Scene, it appeared that he understood the practical Things of Government and Human Life so well, that no Man seemed to be more cut out for Business than he was.

HE had not stayed there above Two Years, when by his Friend Sir *Thomas Fermyn's* means, a Patent was sent him to be Bishop of *Kilmore* and *Ardagh*, Two contiguous Sees in the Province of *Ulster*.

AND now in the 59th Year of his Age, he entered upon a different Course of Life and Employ-

ployment, when it might have been thought, that the Vigour of his Spirits was much broken and spent. But by his Administration of his Diocese, it appeared that there remained yet a vast Heat and Force of Spirit to carry him through those difficult Undertakings; to which he found himself obliged by this new Character. He so behaved himself in this Post, by reforming Abuses and Corruptions, after the most judicious Manner, that it was said of him, *There was not such a Man on the Face of the Earth as Bishop Bedell was.*

YET for all these good Offices, by the overruling Rebellion of those Times, he, with his Family, were in the Year 1641 imprisoned in the Castle of *Lochwater*; in a short Time this good Bishop sickned, which in Two Days appeared to be an Ague, and on the Fourth Day he apprehending his speedy Change, called for his Children, and took his Leave of them, after the most affectionate Manner: * After this Time he spoke little; for as his Sickness increased, his Speech failed, and he Slumbered out most of the Time, only by Intervals it appeared that he was chearfully waiting

* For a more Particular and Full Account of this Great and Good Man, see his Life Written at Large, By Dr. BURNET. Printed in the Year 1685.

for his Change; which at last came about Midnight on the 7th of *February*, that he fell asleep in the Lord, and entered into his Rest, and obtained his Crown; which, in some Sort, was a Crown of Martyrdom; for, no doubt, the sad Weight of Sorrow that lay upon his Mind, and his ill Usage in his Imprisonment, had much hastened his Death: And he suffered more in his Mind by what he had lived to hear and see these last Fifteen Weeks of his Life, than he could have done, if he had fallen by the Sword among the First of those that felt the Rage of the *Irish*.

So on the 9th of *February*, he was Buried according to the Direction himself had given, next his Wife's Coffin, in the most remote and least frequented Place of the Church-Yard of *Kilmore*, with this bare Inscription,

DEPOSITUM

GULIELMI quondam Episcopi

KILMORENSIS.

THE

THE Modesty of that Inscription, adds to his Merit, which those who knew him well, believe exceeds all that can be said of him; for his Memory will out-live the Marble or the Brass, and will make him ever to be reckoned one of the Speaking and lasting Glories, not only of the Episcopal Order, but of the Age in which he lived.

MAY the Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls, so Inspire all that are the Overseers of that Flock, which he purchased with his own Blood; that in Imitation of all those Glorious Patterns that are in Church History, and of this in the last Age, that is Inferiour to very few that any former Age produced, they may Watch over the Flock of Christ, and so Feed and Govern them, that the Mouths of all Adversaries may be stopt, that this Apostolical Order recovering its Primitive Spirit and Vigour, it may be received and obeyed with that same Submission and Esteem, that was paid to it in former Times: And that all Differences about lesser Matters being laid down, Peace and Truth may again flourish, and the true Ends of Religion and Church Government may be advanced; and that instead of Biting, Devouring and Consuming one another, as we do, we may all Build up one another in our most Holy Faith.



THE following POEM, is written in SPENSER'S
 Stile, of whom Bishop BEDELL, was a
 great Admirer. He also composed many other
 Pieces in the Stile and Manner of that Celebrated
 and Immortal Poet; which with his other valuable
 Manuscripts, as Bishop BURNET informs us,
 fell into the Hands of the Irish. * This Memorial,
 which will ever be esteemed as such, by all true
 Protestants, was preserved, and found among the
 Papers of the late Reverend and Learned Dr.
 WILLIAM DILINGHAM, Master of
 Emanuel College, in Cambridge.

* See Bishop BEDELL'S Life, Page 222.



another in our most Holy Faith.
 one another, as we do, we may all Build up one
 that instead of Bitterness and Contending
 and Church Government be advanced; and
 may again flourish in the Ends of Religion
 lesser Matters being in Peace and Truth
 it in former Times: A great all Differences about
 that same Submission and Esteem, that was paid to
 and Vigour, it may be received and obeyed with
 Apostolical Order recovering its Primitive Spirit
 Months of all Advantages may be hoped, that this
 Christ, and to Feed and Govern them; that the



IN AUTOREM.

WILLY, thy Rhythms so sweetly run and rise,
 And answer rightly to thy tunefull Reed,
 That (so mought both our fleecy Cares succeed)
 Iween (nor is it any vaine Device)
 That * COLLIN dying, his Immortal Muse
 Into thy Learned Breast did late infuse. ✕

Thine be his Verse, not his Reward be Thine.
 Ah me! That after unbeseeming Care,
 And secret Want, which bred his last misfare,
 His Relicks dear obscurely tombed lie
 Under unwritten Stones, that who goes by
 Cannot once Read, Lo here doth COLLIN lie.

Not all the Shepherds of his Calender
 Yet (Learned Shepherds all, and seen in Song)
 Theire deepest Layes, and Ditties deep among,
 More lofty Song did ever make or leer,
 Then this of Thine. Sing on, thy Task shall be
 To follow him, while others follow Thee.

JOS. HALL.

Astrucius bp. of Norwich.

* Spenser.

To his M A J E S T Y.

U NTO your Grace, the Chief of Shepherds all,
That in the British Isle your Flocks do feed,
Your double glorious Crown Imperial,
Which by your greater Mind do farr exceed,
Yet hold not scorn of Shepherd's Oaten Reed,
Nor of the Ditties they devise among,
Your self tho' (as in all) the Sovrain of Songs,
Your humble Swain on lowly bended Knee,
Praying your Pardon for his hardiment,
These rude and homely Rhythms, the which you see,
With true and loyal Heart doth here present,
Fruit of your own thrice Happy Government;
Whose carefull Thoughts secure the simple Sheep,
And safely guard the Shepherds feloes that do them keep.
Feed on, ye blessed Flocks, devoid of Fear,
And on your Masters wise Conduct be hold,
Mean while ye loosely wander here and there;
Your Keepers wee, as Shepherds wont of Old,
Till Night's approach shall draw you to your Fold,
Play us at Pleasures, and our Pipes atame,
And tellen Tales, and chanten good King Jemies Name;
Ne might it not Your Goodness ought aggrieve;
Beside Sir, that been our Liege, and Lord of all,
So did the Great Augustus once give leave,
To Faithful Tityrus his Name to call,
And daignd to harken his rude Pastoral;
Tho' ye Augustus match, much wanten wee
Of Tityrus, yet take our Wills in gentle gree.

The



THE
 Shepherd's Tale
 OF THE
 POWDER-PLOTT

WILLY.



Come jolly Shepherd, let us Pipe and
 (Play
 Such Cause of Mirth we never had
 (before
 We have escaped faire the darkest
 (Day
 That ever lowerd on the *British* Shore.

The Shepherds Tale

THE NOT.

WILLY, what means this ferly Speech of thine?
What might the Danger be, that was so dern?
Our dearest Flocks been free from Death and pine,
Or hath some wicked Woolf, or Beast more stern,
(As Beare, or Boare) been spied in Halk or Hern?
But if false Foxes be, that would us shend,
We have true Currs that shall them well defend.

WILLY.

Nay, but our faithful Currs had small availd
To seely Sheep, or Shepherds self defence,
If highest Gods own watchful Ey had faild,
Faire to foresee our cruel Foes pretense.

THE NOT.

What cruel Foes? thou dost but jest, I see;
For by the Mind of Man was nere, I ween,
This Lond from Fear of every Foe so free;
Nor in the Raigne of the late Maiden Queen:
For if no Warrs among us then were seen,
Yet did our *English* Blood the Warrs maintain
Beyond the Seas, in *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*.
Art not avisd what Stirr was in our Town,
Tho when the Camp lay at *Tilbury*,
What running, what riding was up and down
Thou wert a sorry Lad, tho when I,
With others mo, drank the Wells dry;
We marched thitherward in such hote hast;
High God! what sweet a Thing is Danger past!
The

The *Spanyard* had yweend ore-come this Lond,
And with their cruel Whips our Sides to teare;
Their great *Armada* might not be withstond.
Ah, Noble *Drake*, thou shewdst thy self there;
In evil hower their Ships enanchord were.

Tofore *Calice*, sometimes *English* Ground,
Thro thy Device there little Ease they found.

But, sooth to say, Godes Power was All in All,
And not Device of Man that wrought the Feat;
The Winds and Seas he to our Help did call,
And with a frowning Look from that high Seate,
Whence all he sees, he quelld their boistrous Threat.
Then did we Shepherds dance, and pipe, and play;
And yearly still I keep it Holiday.

Now thank't be God, and good King *Jemies* raig'n;
All Warrs be done, I hope, for many Yeares:
The golden Age, I ween, returns again,
That shall the Plow-shares lay with steely Speares,
And smithy Swords to Sickles. Who that heares
Great Britains mighty well-renowned Name
But needs mought quake and tremble at the same?

W I L L Y.

THE NOT, well may thine Hopes with mine befall,
But oft in trust is Treason, Warr in Peace.
The Danger that is seen is least of all;
But in close Mischief Wisdoms self must cease.

O

O Mercy God ! what help mought have bin found,
 As now for us, but in thy Providence ?
 What might Mans Wit withstand that fearful Hound ?
 What Strength resist that hideous Violence ?
 Ah, gentle Shepherds, little can ye deem
 Into what Peril lately all was brought ;
 Not half such Danger (as I mought esteem)
 Two *Spanish* Fleets, thô greater farr had wrought,

T H E N O T.

Now tell it out, Shepherd, for Godes deare Love ;
 Thou killst us all with Feare, we know not why ;
 And worse it is, they say, who list it prove,
 The Fear of Ill, than Ill it self to try,

W I L L Y.

Then harkeneth to me, Shepherds, heedfully,
 And think before of most mischievous Deed,
 That may be thought ; my Tale shall it exceed.

IN *Italy* (mought I tell it right)
 An Ancient City stands, that *Rome* hight ;
 Who hath not heard by Report of Fame,
 Wide in the World of this *Rome* the Name ?
 Seven-hilled *Rome* clept of *Romulus*,
 A Shepherd, whom (the Story saith thus)
 A Woolf there suckled, with *Remus* his Brother,
 That after was killed of that other.

About

About the Name of this Town gan their Strife;
Which each would give, till one lost his Life:
Hence hath it ever bin shedder of Blood;
So was it founded, so hath it stood,
It needeth not that I make Rehearsal
Of thilk Cityes State Imperial,
Her Might, her Wealth, and Surquedry,
Her Pomp, her Fulness, her Cruelty.
He were a Clark cunning for the nonce,
That each of these could describe at once:
Suffice as now, the hath of Destiny
To been the Seate of the Worshles Tyranny.
Such was old *Babel*, that came to Confusion,
And so shall new *Babel* at Conclusion.
But for to drive my Matter ending,
Within this City *Rome* there was winning,
A wicked Witch and cursed Sorceresse,
Not half so cunning was (I guess)
That false Harlot, I forgett her Name,
No matter, but I meant of that same,
That could (they say) transform Men to Dogges,
Woolves, Foxes, Beares, Lions, Tigers, Hoggas,
Ulysses Mates she served thus I trow,
And himself had she served also,
Had not a soveraine Weed, he found, lett,
That all her Charms and Drenches sett,
But of his Men, save the Mind and Witt,
As of a Man she left them no relict.
Soon as they drunke of her charmed Wine,
Right anon were they changed into Swine;

Tho when they weend complain, as they wont,
 And tellen her Grief, nought mought they but grant,
 And grind their long Tusks for some Regrett,
 Or chawken Akorns for better Meate.
 But O light Hand, and Weeds all too weak;
 O slender Skill, as to her that I speake.
 Which mought no more but the Shape transmue,
 And left the same Mind in another hue;
 All otherwise this Witch that I tell,
 Shee is so perfect a Maistresse of Spell,
 So powerful Hearbs temperen her Bowl,
 As Alder-like piercen to the Soule;
 And leave the Body all whole every Limb,
 What Mouth, of that Cup once kisse the Brimm,
 Albe he seemeth a Man, as before;
 Inly a Beast he is and no more:
 A fierce Lion, a Woolf ravenous,
 Or cruel Tiger, or Fox cautelous,
 Or grizly Beare, or Dragon hideous,
 Or other like Monster, outrageous.
 And marketh, Sirs, what I shall you say;
 Whosoever tasteth thilk Cup, from that Day
 Unto the Sorceresse he is very Page,
 To done her bidding all time of his Age;
 And runnen and comen whither she send,
 All were it thence to the Worldes End;
 And mischieven them with all her Might,
 Whom ever the Witch doth once despight.
 They be this Haggys very puckerills,
 Whom forth shee sendeth to worken her Wills,
 All

All were it to kill, King, Prince, or other,
 Or carven the Throate of her lief Brother.
 And one thing more ; they spare for no swink,
 To make each Man of that Cup to drink.
 Ylike to these Drunklenes that urgent still
 Their Fellows as much as themselves to swill :
 So ly they ever in aware a-waite,
 To bringen others to the same Baite.
 Mean while true Shepherds themselves they boast,
 That comen to seek the Sheep that is lost.
 They say they make them true Catholick,
 I dare avow it, they leave them Woolvs-wick:
 Unto their Deeds who that taken keep,
 Albe they cloathed in Fells of Sheep.
 But for to tell you of thilk same Whoore,
 Unto a Shepherd she is Paramour ;
 Nay, there I lied, Shepherd is he none,
 Yet, if wee leive him, Shepherd's Prince alone ;
 Thirteenth Apostle, to the other Twelve,
 Ne cannot err, as he saith himself.
 Allwhere of common he claimeth Liberty,
 And Wooll and Lamb, as Christs own Vicary.
 All Crowns of him been holden in chief,
 He gives and takes them ; lo here the prief.
 For thy Kings and Keisars to him mought obey,
 And kissen his Toe, if that they may.
 For so they did to *Peter* the Fisher,
 That left him the Key of Heaven as his Heir,
 And of Purgatory, he saith, and of Hell ;
 And soothly this later me thinketh well.

To make short Tale. This Witches Leman,
 Upon a Quarell long ago began,
 For letting his Walk, and his Sheep-course,
 This Land did black as Soot aceurse;
 That better since fared, and never the worse.
 The Cause was, the famous *Henry*,
 With *Edward* and *Elizabeth*, his Progeny,
 As now our noble *Jemy* after these,
 Bade him forbear to feed on their Lea's,
 And learn to know his own Liberties.
 Who can describe aright the strange guise,
 And of that Curse the sad Mysteries;
 And how the Witch came unapparelled,
 With bared Breast, and Haire dischevelled;
 And how she sprinkled Salt in Streames pure,
 And how them both she did first conjure;
 And how the Altar-stone three times she dasht,
 And sith her Lemans Cloaths all to washt;
 And then her self; how with Taper light
 The guiltless Day she turned to Night:
 What Bones they were, she brought in a Clout,
 Whose the Images, that lookt on about;
 How the Incense rose in a smoky Cloud,
 And straitt the Priest gan cry aloud;
 And whilst he read, oft he crost his Booke,
 And est himself; and how they gan looke,
 What time the dead Ghosts he cast to call,
 And suddainly quaint the Candles all;
 And shut his Book, and withal clinkt his Bell,
 It passeth farr my cunning to tell.

Ne wish not, as by my Council, to heare
 The fearful Words, which they saiden there;
 Words, which have Power, or else they mis-sayn,
 Bread into Flesh, and to Blood humane;
 The grapy Liquor transform in a stound,
 And highest Heaven with this Earth confound.
 But here as now I list not to dwell,
 To shew the Wonders, whereof they tell;
 Nor of this Curse any more to talk,
 I have yet (God wot) a great way to walk.
 Smally this Cursing he saw did availe
 This cursed Priest as to his Travaile;
 Wroth wax he tho, as the robbed Beare,
 And Wroth wax the Witch, that I said whilere,
 And Wroth wax no lesse these transformed Creatures,
 That kept not of Men but the Features.
 Inflamed all with revengeful Rage,
 They first gan arm their whole Vassallage;
 And gave this Lond for a common Prey
 To them that might get it, catch that catch may.
 The Spanyards well hoped to win the Prize,
 And well they missed to make the rest wise;
 So did they all of their lewd intent,
 (Which many their Pains and their Necks spent)
 With Knife, with Dagger, with Poison, or all,
 To bring our Souverains to their last fall.
 Yet all in vain; yblest moteest thou bee,
 That fittest in Heaven in thy Majestie.
 Another way they cast to be wroke
 And vengen her Foes all at one Stroke.

The Shepherds Tale

A new Engine shall ye heare tell,
 Well might beseem the fowle Fiend of **Hell**.
 And his it was, peril of my Head,
 As in Records of Truth shall be read,
 And plainly declared another Day.
 But with what Charms, or with what Array
 Him summond up thilk same Sorceresse,
 How many more, and in what Likeness
 Came up together to counsaile,
 I cannot, I, tell it without faile;
 Nor will I take on me to divine,
 On which Top of snowy *Appennine*,
 Or in what Part of the ruines Old
 Of *Heathen Rome* was this Meeting hold,
 The threatening Remnant of that huge Pile,
 There as the longer time to beguile.
 Their cruel Eyes they wont feed with Blood,
 Or where the golden Palace once stood,
 That cursed *Neron* built, from whose Height,
 The flaming City could please his Sight;
 Or of their own old Mansion
 These wicked Spirits took new Possession,
 The great *Pantheon* that hight of *Yore*;
 For, but the Crosse sperred fast the Door,
 And well defended the Tower aloft,
 There had they met many times and oft;
 Or else their Dame, ne put to such paine
 Them, nor her self, but the *Vaticane*
 There as her leman wonnes, did suffice,
 Upon their Business for to devise,

All what they faiden there to and fro,
 And which of them they pointed should go,
 To sure effect to bring this Matter,
Belial, Beelzebub, proudest Lucifer,
Satan, Abaddon, or they all yfere.
 Truth wot the sooth, who that list inquire,
 Asketh the Muses of *Parnassus Hill*,
 I giveth up, it passeth my Skill.
 As done these Poets thereunto endight,
 Who, but a Fool, tempts above his might,
 Most is, the Effect of each Tale to know,
 And that shall ye heare yet ere I go.
 But ere I come thereto yee shall weet,
 A day was set wherein there should meet
 Of Shepherds in *Britaine* the Parliament,
 Laws to devise with one assent,
 Such as might be for their Flocks behoof,
 Or alter the Old upon better Proof;
 Chiefly to make a blessed Union,
 To bring our great Shepherds Two Folds in One.
 Himself the Chief should in Person there been,
 And eke his faire Shepherdesse the Queen;
 And with these our Young Maister *Henry*,
 Faire Blossome of Noblenesse, Vertu and Bounty,
 Thither they come in Roial Array,
 To glad with their Presence the Feastfull Day,
 Yede thither of Shepherds the whole Baronage,
 And many Shepherds, Swaines, Wise and Sage,
 Men of the Lay, Knights and Burgesses,
 And Officers more than I can expresse.

Without Words moe, there should be the fumme
 Of Great Britaine in a little room; to which he said
 This knew these misformed Monsters I told,
 The Witch, and her leman als, be bold.
 They wist also in certainty
 The Place where this Meeting was to bee;
 And that beastly shaped Crue,
 How many Hundreths, I note, say true,
 But so strong they wax thro sufferance;
 And chiefly Shepherds own variance,
 There gan bold Hopes in their Hearts creep,
 To worry at once both Shepherd and Sheep.
 Now shall I say what they did devise,
 Altho my faultering Tongue aback flies,
 And chilling dread in my Heart I feel,
 As needs it must, were it all of Steel.
 I quake and tremble each Joint and Limb
 My Mouth wax dry, and mine Eyes dim;
 Unneth I may any Words more say,
 Yet will I tell, albe with Pain.
 The Enemy of Mankind for some Years by-gone
 A Servant of that Witch, as alone
 Of Natural Magick he cast to devise,
 And there he proved many Mysteries,
 And sundry Conclusions within his Cell,
 As for the Principal secret of Hell,
 To make a Murtherous Mixture that aught,
 That Millions of Men hath to Mischiefe brought.
 Now would God none other wist none nor I
 Of this same Powder the Mystery.

Nor of the Matters that longen thereto,
 Ne should not the House, been digged up so,
 Of good Men both in Bowre and Hall
 For *Salt-peter*. Fowle mought it befall.
 Such Salt I ween it be that of yore
 Parcheth the Ground on the barren Shore,
 Of the dead Lake coverd all with Slime,
 And liquid Brimstone : where stood sometime
 The prowd *Sodome*, that with Fire levin
 And sulphurous Brimstone was destroyed from
 (Heaven.

Of that same Burning I dare be bold,
 This hellish Powder some Ashes doth hold;
 Witness the Glades been therein precken,
 Such as the Flame they say out broken
 On the hoary Top of Mount *Giball*,
 That in *Sicily* roareth over all,
 And belcheth out Streames of Soultering Smoke,
 And ragged Ribbs of Rocks all-to-broke,
 Dischargeth like Bullets in th empty Aire,
 The Starrs have to doe to save themselves faire.
 And like cause thereto hath the Thunder dent,
 That rattleth in the Clouds all-to-rent,
 Teareth high Towers, and with the Blow,
 The proud Oakes bringeth down full low.
 Lo ! Sirs, what a Tool such Workmen had found !
 Lo ! How they cast us all to confound !
 With this same Powder they shope in a throw,
 The Senate of Shepherds quite up to blow.
 Blesseth ye not, but harketh the rest,
 That yet is behind, bad, as the best.

They

They been conspird for this intent,
Shriven, and sworn Secret with Sacrament.
Ah deer Lord! An holy Houssing,
A blessed Shrift, a clear assoiling;
O Traiter *Judas*, I believe it well,
To sing this Masse thou returnedst from Hell;
Tho as they weend to receive their Maker,
Flesh, Blood, and Bone, in a little Wafer,
That reigns in Heaven in Majesty,
Satan them enterd as he did thee;
Cheifly that Traiter, which without thine hire,
His Liege Lords Destruction to conspire,
Lent them his Garden; O new Field of Blood,
That next to the House of Parliament stood,
There gan they fast to their Work to fall,
Their Mine to carry along to the Wall.
And ever with Timber all underfett
Still as they go; and that none should lett
Their holy Purpose, or raise misdoubt,
One of their Number they set to be scout.
False was his Name, I remember well,
As well it fitt him, they say that can tell.
A false *Fox* it was in Mans-shape ydrest,
Enclosing a false Fiend in his Breast.
They did so much by their busy Paine,
For Night and Day they wroughten amaine,
They came to the Wall it self at last,
Of wonder Thicknes, and deeply Cast
For it was built many Yeares agoe,
Such Building for Strength this Day nis there none.

All on a Vault they found it to stand;
 Another Purpose too tooke they in hand;
 To borrow this Cellar for Love or Hire,
 And make it the Shop of their hellish Fire.
 They tryed and sped; for who can misdoubt
 So damned Practise they went about?
 Now gan this Busines fashion apace;
 Their Powder they brought into the same
 (Place,
 By little and little secretly,
 And there dispose it thriftily,
 In Baggs. and Barrells; save that one great
 (Tunn,
 Right under the Chaire of State they done.
 They would be sure the King should be sped,
 All were but lost, but if he were dead;
 So shall he (say they) without Remedy,
 Albe an Hundred Lives more had he.
 The Snare is sett; none can it espy,
 And strong it is to hold fikerly.
 This Guilty Vault is with Powder freight,
 Above Three Thousand Six Hundred weight;
 Enough (they say) to blow up a Town,
 And rase with the dint half a Country down.
 And to be sure each aloft he throws
 Their former Toolles, Mattocks, Barrs, and
 (Crowes;
 And over all Billets doe they lay.
 Approacheth now apace that sad Day,

E

That

All

That shall put Fire to this cursed Traine.
Mercy, dread Lord, mercy, mought we saine,
Rue on the Roral Blood at this sted,
And shield it faire from all danger and dread,
Ah Lord! Thou hearest us, before we prayen
And helpest us, as thou highest, ere we com-
(plaine.

We find it well, never more than now,
Thy wondrous Wisdome knowes when, and
(how

To save the Guiltles snar'd at unware,
And trap the Guilor in his own Snare.
Rather then faile, himself shall bewray,
The Danger to such as him would betray.
As now it fell out, one among the rest
Of these same Traitors a Letter addrest
Unto a Shepherd, that was Good and True,
Whose Jeopardy he seemed to rue;
Advising from Parliament he should retire,
For God, he said, and Man did conspire
To been avenged on this ages Sin,
Himself saw not the Danger he was in;
No more should the rest; but a terrible Blow
Should they receive, and yet never know
Who hurt them. Wherefore he read him with-
(draw,
Altho no Peril as yet he saw.

So praied to God to give him his Grace,
To take faire Warning, whiles he had space.

This Letter read in the Fire he should cast,
His Harm were at an end, and the Danger
(past;

So said this Letter. I heard his Name neven,
*Mount it began with to whom it was given.
Unto his Groom was it took one Eve,
The Messenger stayd not to take his leave.
Greatly agast with the strange purport
Of this same Writing, that Night in no sort
He might not rest, but rowld up and down,
In careful Mind, of what Invention
This Letter should come, he wist not from
(whence;

No Name subscribed, nor with what pretense.
One while it seemed no Matter of nought,
But strait, my Life, its a Jest he thought,
Should I go tell it to Folks about,
I should be but a Scorn without doubt;
And namely thus, if no such Thing be.
But what if it be sooth? So mote I thee,
Be it a Jest, or a Tale true,
Better be laught at, then after rue.
So said, he sped to the Court apace,
And to the Council told all this whole Case;
They to the King, half in jest and game.
But well the wisest King said this same,
The Kings Lips an Oracle shall give;
Ne shall his Mouth in deeming deceive;

E 2

Prin-

* The Letter sent to the King was signed Mountague.

Princes been guided with greater Grace,
 Then we, lewd Folk; and so fitts their
 They been our Head, and thats well of
 (place.
 (Sense;

Seate of Discretion, and of Sapience,
 For they the better to guide us all,
 God Gives them his Spirit Principal;
 Namely, the Good, the Meek, the Merciable,
 The Chaste, the Vertuous, Just, True, and
 (Stable,

That seek the Common Good, not their own.

God speaks in such, full soon may be known;

As now in our. Goe, search me, said he,

The Place, where our Meeting is sett to be,

For Gun-powder; but search it me well,

Not as it ought, and as good ne're a dell.

They answerd all on bended Knee,

As he commanded forsooth, it should be,

The Night came, and with dewy Vaile,

This lower Worlds Face did it overhale;

Her shady Mantle had coverd all.

Those bright Starry Eyes Celestial.

Nought could the blushing Cheeks now ac-
 (cuse

The guilty Mind; that ciele doe them chuse

That musen of mischief; ill Deeds shun the
 (light.

O vaineft Hope, who can blind the Sight

Of his own Conscience, or think to flie

Godes all-where present, all-seeing ey?

Men

Men see sometimes, when we least surmise,
 And sooth is said, Stones and Trees have Eyes
 To spy the Man, that doth ought amisse.
 But let me see ; whereof said I this ?
 Ah ! well bethought ; with soft silent Pace
 When Night was come, went unto the Place.
 Those Searchers, as they had been injoind,
 That time they thought perhaps they might find,
 Both which they sought, the Matter and Man ;
 And so they did ; for (mark the right) than
 The false *Fox*, that I told whilere ;
 Beside the Doore of that Vault was neer,
 To make his Train in a Readiness,
 Against his next Morrows Business.
 Close in a Corner stood he bolt upright,
 Shrouded in Darkness of Place and Night.
 As God would have it, yet was he descried,
 And taken soone, and as surely tyed.
 They searched the Place, and the Powder
 [found,
 Yet was he thereat no whit astound.
 Ne nought forethought his Purpose, (he said)
 Save that it was not accomplished.
 But for the Devil (he said) it had been,
 God would it well. O Wretch, that wouldst
 [ween
 The Fiends were above God Almighty,
 O harden'd Heart, that with Heaven will fight.
 Lo, Shepherds here, the Summ of our Debt ;
 Lo, here our Danger, how neere, how greate!

P E R -

PERKIN.

Good God! might this be true that here ye
[tell?

WILLY.

As true as Truth it self; belive it well.

THENOT.

How wotest thou, WILLY, if it be all footh?
Full many Leafings lewd for News there goeth.

WILLY.

"How wote I Man? 'tis but the fifth Mor-

[row

"That *False* was ta'ne, God give him Sorrow.

"Tho was I my self in the City,

"There did I heare, and see with mine Eye,

"The Bonfires, the Mirth, and the Jollity;

"The Ringing and Singing, and all the Glee,

"They maden therefore, and a Day or twaine,

"I cast there to tarry, ere home againe

" I turned, to hearken this Matter at full,
 " And for the rest, trust me if ye wull.
 " Of many good Shepherds I heard the fame,
 " And from the sage *Lobbins* own Mouth it
 [came ;
 " The wise *Lobbin*, that Fame doth resound,
 " As true a Shepherd as lives on the Ground,

P E R K I N.

Love and lauded be thy mighty Power,
 O Souverain God, our God, our Saviour ;
 Which from thy heavenly Throne, with skilfull
 [Hand,
 Weildest the Reynes both of the Sea and Land,
 And of that dark infernal Region,
 Where Satan holds his Domination.

One while thou lettst them loose with larger
 [Scope,
 Straitway the furious Steeds conceive proud
 [Hope,

To been at large ; to hurtle here and there
 The Chariot, as it had no Wagoner.
 Thou smilst, and lettst them spend their Strength
 [in vain ;

But when esfoon thou dost their Leashes straine,
 All at a Beck thou stopst them in their Race,
 And makest them bound and turn in the self
 [place,
 How

How (do we think) had Satans cruel Pride
 In this Device it self nigh deified
 In certain Hopes this Council should succeed?
 Oft had he mis'd, now thought he sure to

[speed,

And sooth to say, he never came so high,
 And never was deceived more notably.

As when th' unwary Fish with wanton bitt
 Swallows the pleasing Baite, and under it
 The harmfull Hook; she triumphs in her Prey,
 And weens it wonn, and thinks to go her way.

The watchful Fisher has his time espied,
 And strikes her sure, and bids her soft, abide;

With wounded Jaws (tho loth) she must obey;

Such now is Satans self, and such are they,

His Instruments of this same Villany.

We render Thanks to thee deservedly,

O Lord, our Life, our Hope, our Help, our

[Praise,

So justly bound, so oft, so many Ways.

WILLY,

More will you say so, when as you weet

The deeper Mischief, I had nigh forget,

Of this same Plot, yet behind to tell.

THE END.

of the Pouder Plott.

23

THE NOT.

What Mischief may be more in deepest Hell?

WILLY.

What, trow you, meaneth the greedy Woolfe?
The Shepherd ytern? were his ravening Gulf,
Would you believe, fill'd for evermore?
Or should the poore sheep abie it fore?

PERKIN.

Right as ye say; but what is yet behind?
For, as this matter runneth in my Mind,
Were our great Shepherd, and his Heire also,
(Which God forefend) and all the rest ygoe,
Yet should these cruel Beasts be ne're the narre,
There stands yet in the way full many a Barr.
There had been left a mainy Shepherds good,
Which for their Flocks would spend their dearest
[Blood;
And many a sturdy Tup with armed Head,
Should give them Sorrow, e're he would be dead.
So might I thrive, the whiles this Hook will hold
They should have Blows; and that I dare be
[bold.
We

E

We have old Lads, and tough, as with a Club
 There, where it never itcht, should make rub.
 They could not beare it all so shier away ;
 I trow they must have foughten e're that Day.
 And had it come thereto, w'are ten for one ;
 And looth is said that each true Man alone
 Is more nor Theeves-twain ; as in his right
 A Drury slayes a Giant in the Fight.
 God helps the Good, and of the roial Race
 Been other left behind, that with his Grace
 Should hold the Crown, and with good Subjects
 Upon their traiterous Heads would make to fall
 So fearful Vengeance for such cursed Crime,
 As Fame had never heard, before this time.

W I L L Y.

Ah, thank be God, it came not to that ;
 Nor never may it, but hearken, Sirs, what
 They had devised to make themselves strong,
 And sow Seed of Discord the rest among.
 Our great Shepherd's Daughter they thought fur-
 And next in Arms all they would arise,
 And doe it proclaime all where with Speed,
 The Puritans had done this fowle Deed.
 And since their Rage was so cruel and fell,
 Aware all good Shepherds, and guard them well.
 Some

Some say they sett a Reward for his Fee,
By whom a *Puritan* yllain should bee.
They should the Dance lead, but e're all were
We had bin *Puritans* each Mother's Son.
But this is certain, that in *Warwick-Shire*,
They have enkindled their second Fire
Of open Rebellion; which I hope shall
Be quickly quencht, with their own Fall.

P E R K I N.

God say *Amen* himself; (no doubt he will,)
And, as he hath before, defend us still.
But, O dear Lord, was it with such Intent,
That to the 'ginning of this Parliament,
They flockt so to the City round about,
Which be the Chief of that unruly Rout?
That will not fold, nor yet feed with our Sheep,
Within their Breasts such Monsters doe they
I had yweend; and so had many more,
They had been simple, souple, meek, and poor;
And eek as other Sheep, methought, they bleat,
Albe for sick they did forsake their Meat.
At most I would have thought they scabbed
Or fly-stung so they gadded here and there.
Their ragged Pelts I pityed all to rent,
Whilst in the bushy Thickets they miswent;

But well I see that to the Voice and Hue,
 There nis no trust to give; they been untrue.
 But may no Medicine help, nor stronger Charm,
 To cure this Malady, or save from harm
 The Flocks not yet infect? Tell us, we pray.

WILLY,

Medicine enough, and right good, there's no
 [nay,

Chiefly for Sheep that been sound and haile;
 (But that which, I trow, will not least availe)
 Is for to chafen these Monsters away,
 Or doe them dead without more Delay;
 They maken this Mischief; and there withall
 Unto the Flocks good Shepherds to call,
 And stint the Strife is among them fall;
 To make strong Fence, and sure, that may hold
 These Leapers, and keep them in Pasture and

[Fold.

For souverain'st Medicine is sweet and clean Feed
 On vertuous Hearb, without rank and fowle

[Weed.

Such can preserve the Flocks in good Plight,
 And heal their Diseases, and well acquite
 The tender Lambs from ill Eys, as I guesse,
 And all the Charms of the false Sorceresse;
 But of this Matter leave we to devise
 The great Assembly of Shepherds wise;

And

And chiefly their Chief, that for Judgment
 (cleare
 Mongst Earthly Shepherds has not his peer.
 Now will you heare what a Roundelay,
 A Southern Shepherd but Yesterday
 Tund to his Pipe, while his Fellow Swain,
 The under-Song him answered again.
 Grand like a Ditty (they said) long a gone,
 A Shepherds, that at *Bethlem* did wonn.
 Whose skillfull Hand with his Harp Divine,
 Could teach the tall Cedars their Tops incline,
 And stay the Streams, and the Rocks remove ;
 And, when he lifted his Skill to prove,
 Could make the fierce Lions to stand astound,
 Till with his Hook he brought them to Ground.
 Well for to rest the intraged Mind,
 Of melting Words and Notes couth he find.
 The Fiend himself, of his Skill afraid,
 Left scourging the furious King, when he
 (plaid.
 His was this Ditty, if ye will it heare.

THE NOT.

Yea, best of all ; say on, we mought it lere.

PERKIN.

PERKIN.

It may perhaps these Monsters strange un-
Or bind their Jaws, or shield the Flocks from

WILLY.

S. **W**HEN Men against us did arise,

F. Cruel Beasts in Shapes of Men,

S. And to destroy us did devise,

F. We had bin devoured cleane,

S. Had not the Lord bin on our side ;

F. Now may Britain justly say,

S. Had not the Lord bin on our side,

F. In that dark and dismal Day.

S. Even quick we had been swallowd all,

F. So inflamed was their Ire,

S. And mangled floun in Pieces small

F. Bullets to their Hellish Fire.

S. W

S. *We had been Dead, no Remedy,*

F. *But alas and weal-away ;*

S. *Such was their Rage and Cruelty,*

F. *In that dark and dismal Day,*

S. *Blest be the Lord, which hath not left
Us to their bloody Teeth a Prey ;*

F. *Our Soule out of the Snare is rest,
Like to the Bird escapt away.*

S. *The Snare is broke, that subtle Ginn,*

F. *Sing we at large some joyful Lay ;*

S. *The Fowlers self is trapt therein,*

F. *Joyful, joyfull, happy Day !*

S. *Our Hope, our Help alone doth stand
In the Lords most Glorious Name ;*

F. *The God that by his mighty Hand
Did both Earth and Heaven frame.*

S. *Unto that God let us give Praise ;*

F. *Let us Trust in him for ay ;*

S. *Let us sing Psalms and Heavenly Lays ;*

F. *For this joyfull happy Day.*

PERKIN.

Gods Blessing have his Heart, who ere he be,
 That made this same, or Roundle or Dittie;
 Which Yearly let be Sungen for his sake,
 The whilst this Sun the same his Course shal
 Till Sagittary shall his Bowe unbend,
 To make the Romish Harlots shame be kend,
 And till at last that Souverain Shepherd good,
 That bought his Sheep with his own deare
 Shall come to view his Flock, and know their
 And from the Sheep the Goates shall separate,
 And those same Monsters all, what ere the

He knows his own himself. Tho shall ye see
 That Traiter False and his proud Paramour
 Their Cursed Witchcraft shall abieffull fore,
 And dwell with whom they served evermore.
 O when, when shall we see that happy Day?
 Come quickly, sweetest Lord, and come away.

But hie we Home, the Sun begins to vale;
 Faire fall ye, gentle Shepherd, for your TALE

F I N I S.

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